

154 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE TEIPSUM* ! [^s?
rApSTsS"

That²the Are t^ey not senseless then ! that think
the Soul
Sou is Nought but a fine perfection of the
Sense !
more than Or ot the forms which Fancy doth
aperfec-
enrol,
fSiSnoT A quick Resulting, and a Consequence!
the Sense

What is it, then, that doth the Sense accuse,
Both of false judgements, and fond
appetites ? Which makes us do, what
Sense doth most refuse ? Which oft, in
torment of the Sense delights ?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much
asunder; What tells us, then, their
distance is so far? Sense thinks the
lightning born before the thunder, What
tells us, then, they both together are ?

When men seem crows, far off upon a tower;
Sense saith, " They are crows " What
makes us think
them men ?
When we, in agues, think all sweet things
sour; What makes us know our tongue's false
judgements then ?

What power was that, whereby MEDEA saw,
And well approved and praised the
better course, When her rebellious
Sense did so withdraw Her feeble
powers, as she pursued the worst?

Did Sense persuade ULYSSES not to hear
The Mermaid's songs ? which so his men did
please* As they were all persuaded through
the ear, To quit the ship, and leap into the
seas.

Could any power of Sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand, with
courage stout ? Could Sense make
MARIUS sit unbound, and prove The cruel
lancing of the knotty gout ?

Doubtless in Man, there is a Nature found
Beside the senses, and above them far!
Though " most men being in sensua]
pleasures drowned, It seems their souls but
in their senses are!"